

"Group 31"

By Josephine Eleanor Anderson

Group 31 was apportioned to me as my special charge, and I saw the other man in the office regard me as if I possessed a new sense of importance. Interest, pity—I knew not which—as I was handed an envelope containing detailed instructions.

You must know that the juncture had arrived in the affairs of the government when exile, smuggling, counterfeiting ever were relegated to the rear for the time being. Treason seemed to snap in the air at every turn; the public never knew of the loss of seditious literature suppressed and destroyed, of the marked men warned to get out, who got out, of the hidden armaments and explosives traced down, and of what secret work was really doing to undermine the home integrity of the loyal ones.

I had joined the secret service because abruptly the whim, prejudice or perversity of Anson McLeigh had thrown me squarely upon my own resources. Briefly, I had fallen in love with Edna Warren, "only a stenographer." Uncle Anson referred to the fact just once. "Drop the girl, or me," I shall marry Miss Warren some day," I told him firmly. As firmly he ordered me never to darken his doorway again.

I fancy Uncle Anson did not miss me much. The great foundry plant he owned had been turned to an immense profit in making munitions, and he was a hide-bound money-grubber. It was new business to me, and at the start the pay was that of a novice. As, however, I was graduated into more important work than running down mail complaints, I became interested in my task. For over a month I had been attending secret meetings of certain clubs where it was suspected the sympathies of the crowd were with enemies to the country.

Two shops had mysteriously gone up in flames, some barges blown up and three large steel plants. There seemed to be some system to these doings of the vandals. It was decided that some twenty different "groups" in as many locations should be placed under strict surveillance. I knew something about Group 31. Their leader was a man named Brosul. He had been an expert blast furnace worker and was not a citizen, and for over a year had spent most of his time in saloons frequented by a low-down foreign element. Opening my instructions, I found a number and knew that there was some record of him I was to consult at the identification bureau.

An odd character had charge of that department, an old man named Durken. He was absorbed in his work from morning until night, and was famed as one of the best-posted men in his line. As I gave him my instructions, his hand moved as if mechanically in the direction of one box among the thousands in a cabinet covering one whole side of the room. He drew out a picture and handed it to me. On its back was written in ink the criminal record of the man—burglary, arson, manslaughter.

"When you call Brosul," observed old Durken, "if you call him, see to it that I have a chance to interview him."

"They say red-hot pincers cannot influence him to speak one incriminating word," I said.

"I'll make him speak. Once," and a retrospective look came into Durken's eyes. "I was a traveling mountebank, you wise fellows would call it. Not so. I made a specialty of hypnotism when public exhibitions of such were new. Very well, then. Of all subjects I hired, the one most impressive was this Brosul. If it comes to what he might tell, land him here, will you?"

"Yes, if I can ever find enough against him to warrant an arrest," I agreed. "So far he has been the slickest of the crowd."

I made up for a typical representation of the down-and-out man, and ate free lunch in the saloons which Brosul and his cohorts favored as meeting places. Trailing him to his possible den of refuge, I was completely baffled. Brosul made turns and windings and false leads that threw me completely off the trail; but the fourth night I landed him, and the next afternoon I prepared to find out why he had chosen a top room in an old, half-occupied factory building as his place of shelter.

I had managed to find a hiding place under a dark stairway covert and planted myself there. At one end of a side corridor was a sink. Brosul came out to get some water in a tin pail. As he was out of view for the space of half a minute I glided to the half-open door of his room. The one I entered was where he ate and slept. Beyond it, guarded by a heavy steel door, just now ajar, was a small den of a place, with no ventilation except a small 12 by 12 window from which the sash was missing. There was some soft coal, a hatchet and some kindling wood in a corner.

The room partook of the construction of a vault, in a measure. I believed that upon his person or secreted in his den this man had documents, plans, some evidence that would in-

criminate him and his fellow plotters, and be of value and assistance to the government. I dodged behind a curtain that screened a cot where Brosul evidently slept. From there I watched him.

Brosul did some puzzling and interesting things. He picked from a table a tiny bow made of thin whalebone and strung with a strand of fine wire. I saw him put himself in range of the little window. He lifted out its sash. About fifteen feet across a narrow court was a high warehouse. One of the windows on the top floor was open for ventilation. Beyond it some bales showed. Abruptly the truth flashed upon my mind. The building opposite, I recalled distinctly, was a storage house for government hospital supplies.

Brosul fitted a headless piece of metal to the bow. He aimed it across the court. It went through the open sash. It was only a test. He picked up another arrow. This one had a great mass of black sulphur attached to the head. I saw the scheme in process. The second arrow, striking the bales, would ignite, and millions of dollars' worth of government stores would be destroyed.

"Drop it!" I ordered, but the arrow had left the bow. However, my interference had disturbed the delivery. The inflammable arrowhead struck the window sill, spluttered and fell to the court below. There was a struggle. It was well that Brosul was smaller than I. He made a desperate resistance, discerned that I would finally overpower him in the melee, kicked shut the iron door, seized the key, threw it out through the window, and as I bound him hand and foot, viewed me savagely, but with a sort of specious triumph.

I saw then I would find it absolutely impossible to get out of that room unaided, for the iron door was set solid and he counted on my being unable to escape until some of his expected confederates arrived. That might be at any moment. In going about the room I discovered a written sheet holding four addresses. They were the warehouse next door and three plants making munitions. These were evidently doomed structures. I saw the importance of getting this information and my man to headquarters speedily.

Finally an idea of calling aid struck me. Just outside the little window was a giant electric feed cable. I reached out with the keen-edged hatchet and gave it a mighty cut. It spluttered, shocked me but half parted. Within fifteen minutes, as I calculated, a repair crew located the break. One of them was suspended from the roof.

"Call the police. Reach this room at once," I ordered.

"Did you cut that cable?" demanded the repairer.

"Yes."

"Pretty risky business, fooling with the public service," he growled.

"Worse for you, if you don't act as I tell you for the government service."

In an hour my prisoner was at headquarters. He never spoke or winced until confronted by Durken.

"Well, Brosul, shall we try some of the old hypnotic stuff?" queried Durken.

The man paled. He was a desperate man, but true blue to his group. I noticed him fumble in his coat and then quickly pass his hand across his mouth. The incident had no significance to me at the time, but we soon knew that to evade giving away his secrets he had taken an instantaneous fatal dose of poison.

"All ready?" spoke Durken, making a pass at Brosul, and then paused. "He's beat us!"

He had. The man sat facing us with staring eyes was stone dead, the engulfing shadow of a defiant smile on his face.

One of the four places to be blown up was my uncle's munition plant. We arrested the others in time to prevent the plot. My uncle learned of my share in the case, and there was a reconciliation.

Edna, my fiancée, became my wife, and the restored indulgence of my uncle enabled us to begin married life with both income and a home of our own.

Making Tapestry Brussels.

Tapestry Brussels carpet is a poor imitation of the real Brussels. Many colors are used in it. The design is made first on squared paper, the scheme of color in each pick of the pattern is studied out, and the succession of it sent to the printer. The skeins of yarn to be used for the loops on the surface of the carpet are wound on a large cylinder, attached to which are troughs of color which come in contact automatically with the yarn and print it according to the succession of colors indicated in the design. The skeins are taken from the cylinder, showing crosswise streaks of varied color, and are carried to the steam chest to have the dye set. When the carpet is woven, the pattern is complete, but has a less distinct outline than the real Brussels.

Discouraging Appreciation.

The mayor of the town had been asked to assist in the annual entertainment given to the inmates of the parish workhouse. He consented with great complaisance, and went made up as Mephisto. For a time his antics and pranks were the delight of the company. A scrap of conversation he chanced to hear, however, put a damper on his enjoyment. "Ain't he enjoyin' of himself?" remarked one old man to another. "Wut a treat it is for the likes of he! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?" "Well," replied the other, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this!"—Yorkshire Post.

34 COUNTIES OVER THE TOP

KENTUCKY COUNTIES WILL PRESS LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN ON TO FINISH.

The Courier-Journal of yesterday had the following in regard to the Third Liberty Loan campaign:

"Over 50 per cent. of the sixty-four Kentucky counties which report through the St. Louis Federal Reserve bank for the Eighth district already have oversubscribed their apportionment of the bonds of the third Liberty Loan, and with enthusiasm at a high pitch there is no indication of a letup in subscriptions until the nation-wide campaign comes to a close, according to James C. Wilson, assistant State director of the Kentucky Liberty Loan organization. These counties have been asked to subscribe in the sum of \$15,043,550, but \$7,941,850 is due to come through Louisville and Jefferson county, leaving the other sixty-three counties to provide \$8,001,700. The farmers of Jefferson county are as a unit in supporting the loan, according to Mr. Wilson, and the different county leaders are firm in their intention of pressing the campaign until subscriptions are secured from 15 per cent. of the total population."

CARNIVAL AT FAIR GROUNDS

THE BIG SHOW COMES NEXT WEEK—SPECIAL AGENT HERE.

Axtell Fulton, special agent for the Krauss Greater Shows, arrived in the city last night from Nashville where the company is showing this week. To look after the advertisements and arrange for the many people with the company.

The Krauss Shows come to Hopkinsville recommended as a first class exposition circus, that is so different from the usual carnival company that there is no comparison's every thing is new, clean, and right up to the minute. The Nashville Tennessee American says of the Krauss Shows:

"In spite of the bad weather, a good attendance is seen at the Charity Carnival at the circus grounds, where the Krauss Greater Shows are exhibiting this week. The shows are all clean, new and worthy of the patronage of everybody. There is no gambling, nor immoral shows. It is undoubtedly the best carnival attraction that has been shown in Nashville. The centre of attraction is the French Show, where wounded Canadian soldiers have constructed trenches just as they are over there, and show you real warfare by men who have been there and GONE OVER THE TOP."

The Krauss Shows will exhibit at the Fair grounds here all next week.

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DON'T BE A KAISER.

The Kaiser had six sons and a large income when he started this war? The war is on its fourth year, and he still has all his sons and his large income.

How he can look in the face the thousands of Germans crippled by this war, we don't know, but he does it.

Everybody about him has given something or someone to the war. The Kaiser has given nothing. He still has everything he started with and more.

He lets the other fellow's sons do the dying.

He lets the other fellow do the paying.

Do your share to win the war. You can't keep your money and your self respect.

Don't be a Kaiser.—Detroit Free Press.

REAL ESTATE BARGAINS.

FOR SALE—300 acres of good red clay land just 3½ miles from Hopkinsville on one of the best pikes in the county. Well improved, well watered, and a nice showy place. Can sell at a bargain and give possession at once.

RADFORD & JOHNSON.

Philippines Population.

Government officials recently estimated the population of the Philippines at slightly more than 8,500,000. The island of Luzon having about one-half the number.

Preferred Locals

FOR RENT—One 4-room and one 6-room house. Lights, bath and war garden.

O. KEACH, Phone 543-1.

FOR SALE!

White Wyandotte eggs for hatching. MRS. G. E. BREWER, Clarksville Pike.

\$10.00 REWARD.

For return of Minute Book No. 5, First Baptist church, in good condition.—JOHN B. TRICE.

White Wyandotte Eggs for sale at \$1.50 per setting of 15.

MRS. O. M. WILSON. Phone Edgerton 8-4. Howell, Ky.

FOR SALE—Wall paper 5c to 30c per roll. Stock reduced each week. See Mrs. Emma Catlett & Son. Phone 790. 411 S. Walnut st.

FOR RENT!

Four room cottage—Call Miss Croft, 273.

FOR RENT—Four new modern cottages, complete in every detail. Call DR. WOODARD.

FOR SALE—A number of farms, both small and large, at bargain prices if sold before corn planting. Also some choice homes in town.

BOULDIN & TATE, Cherokee Bldg. Phone 217.

LAND OWNERS—If you want to sell your farm list it with us immediately. We are in touch with men who are anxious to buy land at good prices. We are likely to have a buyer waiting for just such a place as yours.

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EVERYONE MUST HELP.

Wars cannot be fought without money, and upon the Treasury centers every financial demand upon the Nation.

The rich of this country cannot alone meet the needs of the Nation; the men of the country cannot do it alone; the women of the country cannot do it alone; but all of us, the people of the United States, disregarding partisanship, forgetting selfish interests, thinking only of the supremacy of right and determining to vindicate the majesty of American ideals and secure the safety of America and civilization, can do the great and splendid work which God has called upon us to do.

W. G. McADOO,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Annual Grange Sale

FRIDAY, APRIL 19th,

To be held at Church Hill, Ky., 7 miles south of Hopkinsville, on Cox Mill road. Sale as usual held under management of stock committee of the Church Hill Grange.

This year there will be offered to the highest bidder about 150 head of fine beef cattle, 100 good feeding and grazing kind, and also attention is called to those desiring good milk cows, as about 25 high grade Jersey cows and heifers from some of the community's best herds will be offered. Buyers from a distance will be assisted in taking care of their purchases and aided in every way in getting stock to shipping point. Shipping facilities are very convenient. Terms of selling charges to meet expenses are as follows: 800 lbs. and over 50 cts. per head; 500 lbs. and to 800 lbs. 35 cts. per head; under 500 lbs. 25 cts. per head. Cattle are solicited for this sale and if entered are subject to the rules governing same as provided by the stock committee. A fair deal is assured both sellers and buyers, and if interested either of the committee will gladly communicate any information desired. Col. H. L. Igleheart and his assistant, H. D. Hengst, will make the sale.

R. H. M'GAUGHEY T. C. JONES

C. L. PIERCE J. H. ADAMS

Stock Committee.

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